The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her bewtie ſerue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt.*

I.ii. *Enter* Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſuite?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtraunger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then ſhe, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone marde are thoſe ſo early made.
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part.
And ſhee agreed, within her ſcope of choiſe
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt:
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do luſtie young men feele,
When well appar'd Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee: And

And like her moſt, whoſe merit mo
Which one more view, of many, m
May ſtand in number, though in re
Come go with me, go ſirrah trudge
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe pe
Whoſe names are written there, an
My houſe and welcome, on their pl

Seru. Find them out whoſe name
ten, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould m
tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with h
his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſ
here writ, and can neuer find wha
hath here writ (I muſt to the learne

Enter Benuolio, *and*

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes o
On paine is leſned by an others an
Turne giddie, and be holpe by bac
One deſperate greefe, cures with a
Take thou ſome new infection to
And the rancke poyſon of the old
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is ex
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my
Whipt and tormented, and Godde
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can
Rom. I mine owne fortune in m
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned i
But I pray can you read any thing
Rom. I if I know the letters and t
Ser. Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.